

Good Morning 371

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

In this Series J. M. Michaelson
tells you Parliament's Story

House has its 'Bible'

NO debating assembly in the world has a more delicate machinery than that of the House of Commons. The procedure of the House, like the British Constitution, has grown rather than been created, by a series of definite acts. Some of its customs are centuries old, others based on precedents made only a few years or months ago.

The rules of the House are the "Standing Orders," which are revised from time to time by select committees. They are of great complexity—few M.P.s have probably read the 350-page book which they fill. It is said that the only man who completely mastered them was the great Sir Erskine May, who was Clerk to the House of Commons in the last century. He wrote a much larger book on Parliamentary Procedure to explain the rules!

The man responsible for seeing that everything proceeds according to the Standing Orders is the Speaker, or, when the House is in Committee, the Chairman. But any member may raise "a point of order." Again and again, in the verbatim reports of Hansard, you will read of an M.P. rising and saying, "On a point of order, Mr. Speaker..."

These are points of order that arise in the course of debate. In addition, members will give the Speaker private notice of questions on points of order.

The Speaker has hundreds, even thousands, of precedents to guide him, and it is now almost impossible to visualise a situation arising that is without precedent. If a knotty point should arise and require immediate decision, a considerable reference library is at hand on the Clerk's table beneath him, and the Clerk to the House, who is not a member, may come to his rescue.

One of the unique features of debates in the British Houses of Parliament is the extreme politeness of the language and the methods of address. This is no accident. The wisdom of the Houses over centuries discovered that insisting on polite language and formal address was an admirable deterrent to violence. Just what is and is not "parliamentary language" is for the Speaker to decide.

But one member is not permitted to call another a "fool," for instance, and the adjective "impertinent" has been ruled out of order. Expressions of assent and dissent are supposed to be limited to "Hear, hear" (a survival from the time of Pitt, when Members called "Hear him. Hear him!"), "Oh! Oh!" and "Withdraw!" It is only comparatively recently that the last word has been ruled "in order."

Any error in language can be redeemed by immediate withdrawal. Sometimes the withdrawal may carry a bigger sting! M.P.s do not address each other by name, but as "the Honourable Member" or "Friend."

Mr. Jack Jones once began, "I want you gentlemen to..."

He was immediately greeted with "Order!" and said with a smile:

"I apologise. I made the mistake of calling you gentlemen!"

Various adjectives are added to the "Honourable," according to the station of the Member concerned—"and learned," if he is a barrister; "and Gallant" if he is in the Forces, and so on.

Points of order concern the public as well as the Members. Some years ago the Bishop of London was called to order when sitting in the Peers' Gallery because during the Prayer Book debate he read a newspaper. No visitor may read anything except an order paper or an official document relating to the debate.

Members of the House may not refer to the House of Lords. They get round this by speaking of "the other place." Their speeches should not be read—a rule now sanctioned by the breach, the MSS. apparently being regarded as "notes."

Members must remain seated and wear a hat when raising a point of order after a division has been called. This has led to strange scenes when Members searched frantically for a hat!

The Duchess of Athol once borrowed a man's hat from a visitor to raise a point of order—only to be assured by the chairman that her point of order was out of order!

There's a good Pint waiting Torp. George Jackson

HELLO there, Torpedoman George Jackson, here's a line or two for you from 1 Oswald Street, Ancoats, Manchester—your home, which stands alone in the street and sells good old beer.

Your father says that the old "pub" is still jogging along all right, and, together

with your mother, hopes to see you soon.

Sister Hilda is doing well at school, and your brother Norman started work at the end of January. He says he likes raincoat manufacturing—quite different from your former job at Ford Motors, isn't it?

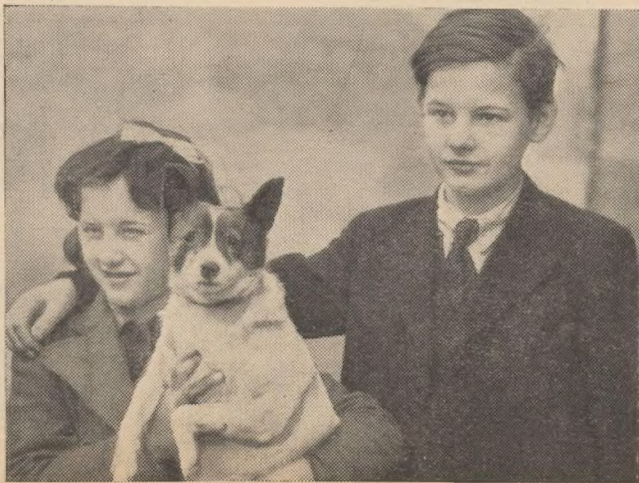
You remember how Toby

used to wag his tail and beg? Well, he's still as frisky as ever, and runs all over the place.

And here's some good news for you, George. Your little six-year-old cousin, Marjorie Jackson, has pulled through her illness and is now slowly recovering.

Finally, Hilda and Norman want us to tell you that they hope you're well and wish you lots of luck. That goes for your parents and us, too, so keep smiling and chins up, George lad.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1



ANY BIG MONEY FOR SPORTSMEN?

PROFESSIONAL football is being given a thorough overhaul by the Post-War Planning Committee of the Football League, and the committee hopes to have a bright new plan all ready to put into force directly the war ends.

There are a thousand-and-one subjects that will have to be tackled, and no doubt many of the problems will have to be shelved through sheer inability to peer far enough into the future, especially where the financial consideration is the big one.

Despite the big attendances at League games, few clubs could claim to be in a sound financial condition. That means there must have been something wrong with the system of management. Where did the money go? Certainly not to the players.

Now, in view of the rise in workers' wages, or perhaps we should say inflation, the pay of the professional footballer ranks little better than the emoluments of the 1944 errand boy who has had a good week of overtime.

With so many clubs unable to reduce the bank overdraft, it seems too much at the moment to expect any increase in players' wages.

FAIR PLAY.

If this state of affairs continues, it means that the career of the professional football player is not one to be recommended. Football is good.

sport. It is an enjoyable game to play and attractive to watch, if the players are in the front rank.

But professional football is also a commercial undertaking, and as the players are responsible for drawing the crowds they should get

★ **W. H. Millier** ★
reviews the
chances

★ **their fair share of the proceeds.** ★

It is no purpose of mine to enter into the sort of discussion that can be well-nigh interminable in trying to bolster up the idea that money should not be the consideration where sport is concerned.

We have to face the fact that present-day sport is a big money-taker, and I am one of those who think that the lively lads who provide the sport should certainly share the spoils.

The trouble lies in trying to mix amateur and professional sport. Apparently the majority of the clubs are against the idea of employing the pseudo-amateur, or part-time professional, in post-war football, and this is all to the good.



Most of the clubs agree that first-class soccer is an exacting task, and, as such, can only be tackled properly as a full-time job.

So far so good, but as yet I have seen no mention of bringing players' payments, or wages, if you prefer it, up to the present-day standard of living.

As the slave is supposed to be worthy of his hire, it follows that a soccer player must be worthy of his being thus employed. Even a slave must be well fed if he is to be kept in the pink of condition in order to perform his allotted task.

Football players are not slaves, yet they form the only living instance I can recall of men being bought and sold.

That one-eyed system, to my way of thinking, is the big blot on professional football. It has gone on so long that few people question it, and just take it as all part and parcel of the game.

It does not stop recruits to the game, and that is the chief thing for the clubs who buy and sell their players as so much horse-flesh.

IF YOU COULD RUN.

If you can play football really well there is not much difficulty in getting a trial with a League club. They are continually on the look-out for fresh talent and employ knowledgeable scouts for this purpose.

There was a time when you did not need to have any special skill with a ball.

If you were able to run 100 yards in something close to even time you could be sure of a contract to play for a League club.

It seems as though the war has brought about a change in this respect, and it ought to be a change for the better. With the shortage of notable sprinters the game has slowed somewhat, but this has enabled skilful ball play to once more come into its own, and to the spectator who can appreciate this sort of thing, the play has gained in interest.

Cricket is one of the few games which has pursued the even tenor of its way, whilst all else around it has succumbed to the lust of speed.

Think of that lovely green turf on a sunny summer afternoon, the leisurely players, the old gentlemen with straw hats aslant their brick-red faces, dozing placidly and at peace with the world.

Speed up cricket? Dammit, my dear sir, if you did that it wouldn't be cricket.

You must go to see ice hockey if you want speed in games; cricket will remain just what it is, and that is a leisurely affair, with lots of charm

for its devotees, who in the course of time become fewer and fewer.

CRICKETERS DIE POOR.

If your idea is to make a career in sport where big money can be made, then you will scarcely be inclined to make cricket your choice.

The large majority of cricket professionals die poor men, and the few who have managed to amass fortunes have generally made most of their money after retiring from the game.

The biggest fortune left by a professional cricketer was £57,000. This was left by William Gunn, the Notts County player, who, however, made most of it in his sports outfitting business.

Another sports business man was Jack Sharp, the Lancashire all-rounder, who was also a first-class footballer. His estate realised £24,000 when he died.

Sharp was one of the few professionals who turned amateur in his later years. Wilfred Payton, of Nottingham, who died not long ago, left £5,651, and he owned a sports outfitter's and radio business.

Jack Hobbs and his old partner in Test matches, Herbert Sutcliffe, are comfortably situated, but many, far too many, of their comrades are on the rocks.

Northern cricketers are better off financially than their southern brethren as a rule, and in Northern league cricket the financial benefits are greater than in county clubs.

LOVE OF THE GAME.

The man who has a natural aptitude for any particular game will play this before all else, and if he is keen enough he will not think twice about the money side of the question.

After all, the game is the thing that matters to the true sportsman.

The trouble is that somebody is going to cash in on the genuine sportsman's love of the game, and the cash should be shared.

Art for art's sake is a grand thought, but grand thoughts will not provide food and shelter for one's dependants. All the same, there simply must be some overriding passion to learn all there is to know about any particular sport before the average youngster can hope to excel.

Physical fitness, the urge constantly to practise, and the will to win are all vitally necessary attributes if a man is to reach the top.

It is only at the top of the tree where you find the juiciest plums hanging tantalisingly almost out of reach. You can take a ladder, but bear in mind that you have to start off from the ground.

Here's wishing you all the juiciest plums you can find!

Bealing 'Found Drowned'

PART 11

MARTIN and his sister walked back to Porthwick through a still evening that seemed more like spring than December.

Martin was full of his scheme for a further exploration of the passage. He had tested a wall which sealed its end, and found the mortar loose and rotten.

"I'm sure I could get through in a couple of hours with a decent crowbar," he explained. "There's a hole on one side already; you can see by the slime that water comes through."

"And when do you propose to try?" Madge asked, as interested as her brother.

"Anstice will fix that. Her father's going away for a night soon. I can spend a whole day there if I need be; she can arrange to get food and drink through to me."

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

They were dropping down the hill to Porthwick, the first street lamps stretching up to meet them from the dancing lights of town and harbour below, when Madge said suddenly:

"I suppose Mr. Pyne couldn't possibly suspect you, could he, Martin?"

Martin came back from a dream of what might be beyond that slimy underground wall.

"Me? Good Lord, no; why should he?"

"You've never said anything indiscreet?"

"Not a word. Why do you ask, Madge?"

"I just wondered, that's all," she answered.

The next day, acting on a sudden impulse, Martin turned out of his way to pass by old Nickel's shop. He had seen nothing of the man for some time past, and he had never rid himself of the idea that Nickel had been prowling about the Fern Cave.

Martin entered, and Nickel came shuffling forward. Martin decided on a bold course.

"I wanted to know if you'd found any more of those Chinese weights," Martin said briskly.

"Funny thing you should come in to-day," Nickel answered, with a ghost of a smile. "Not half an hour ago I come across two or three more. I know'd I had some about somewhere. I'll get 'em."

He shuffled off, leaving Martin very puzzled. This didn't fit in with any of his ideas.

"Do you know, Nickel," he said, "I've found out what these are. They're not weights; they're old coins—Spanish coins."

"Are they, sir?" Nickel was unmoved. "I knew it was a foreign shap I bought 'em off. Dark chap, he was."

"I'll give you five bob for these three. That suit you?"

Nickel nodded, and Martin passed over the money. He tried to hold the old fellow in conversation a little longer, hoping for some hint whether he was as ignorant of the coins as he pretended to be. Nickel for once was communicative.

"Don't want to buy a boat, do you, sir?" he asked.

"Boat?" Martin asked in surprise. "What sort of boat?"

"Mr. Bolitho's Gannet. I bought her last week. She'll be all right when I've done her up."

Martin grasped at the opportunity to get into touch with Nickel.

"I'll come over one afternoon. I'll let you know," he said.

Martin discussed the matter with his sister, after dinner that night.

"You're only wasting your time with Nickel," she said, "it's the passage I worry about. If we don't get on with that soon the Pendrews will have the place full for Christmas—golfers, and a new waiter, and all sorts of things to complicate matters."

MADGE'S fears proved only too true. Anstice came over the next morning to bring the news that Mr. Watson was returning that evening. With guests in the house, and a new waiter, to carry out their plan in the cellar was practically impossible.

When Anstice had gone Madge turned to her brother with furrowed brow and keen, thoughtful eyes.

"The worst part of this business is that Bealing and Watson haven't given up the game. That's clear enough. Martin we've got to find out what

this man's up to. You'll have to develop his acquaintance—ask him here if need be."

But Mr. Harold Watson himself came to call at "Jago's" soon after lunch the next day. He was extremely polite to Mrs. Enslow, and almost diffident as he apologised for disturbing Martin.

"But you were once good enough to say I might have a look at your shipping prints," he explained.

They climbed the stairs to Martin's cosy bow-windowed room. Mr. Watson stopped just inside the door and exclaimed:

"By Jove! what a charming place. How perfectly delightful! And books, too. I didn't know you were a collector, Lynn. It's rather a hobby of mine, too."

He wandered to one of the tall cases, and began scanning the titles with the air of a connoisseur.

"Of course I haven't anything like the number of books that you have," he said humbly. "I dabble a bit in eighteenth century travel; that's all."

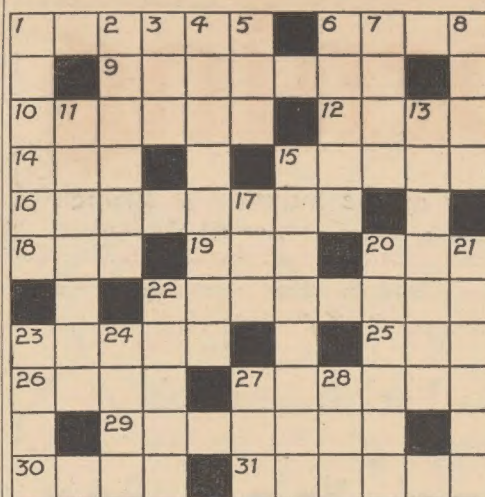
Madge had drifted over to the fireplace, and was standing, one arm resting on the mantelshelf, apparently looking at the blazing



WHERE THE REINDEER REIGNS.

No, it isn't Lapland. It is in the far north of Norway, in the bleak land that skirts the Arctic Circle; and here is the Chief of the Herd and the man who owns the chief of the herd. Both are Big Noises up there, where there is plenty of rain and lots of deer.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Foil.
- 6 Wool cloth.
- 9 Means of transit.
- 10 Niggardly.
- 12 Female deer.
- 14 Ugly old woman.
- 15 Baltic dwellers.
- 16 Letters.
- 18 Guided.
- 19 Space of time.
- 20 Obscure.
- 22 Device.
- 23 Chiefs.
- 25 Vehicle.
- 26 Unoccupied.
- 27 Girl's name.
- 29 Unites.
- 30 Medium pace.
- 31 Strong qualities.

SPREE MIDGE
ORE LIONEL
PEARL TUNIC
CLEAVER BA
LIMP ITEM R
UP LET RUT
GIVE AMOS O
TATTLED DO
PALER ROBIN
ITS ARGUES
NEEDY ERECT

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Capacity measure.
- 2 Cold.
- 3 Winnow.
- 4 Flat boats.
- 5 Cambridgeshire town.
- 6 Droops.
- 7 Islet.
- 8 Upward throw.
- 11 Became pointed.
- 13 Moral.
- 15 Lack of severity.
- 17 Sale item.
- 20 Strip.
- 21 Household.
- 22 Expert.
- 23 Handle.
- 24 Too.
- 27 Object.
- 28 Procure.

logs. She was thinking hard. There was something behind this visit; of that she was sure.

Mr. Watson had turned to the bookcase again.

"Ah! you do specialise a bit. Cornish history, I see," he said. "A subject I shall have to take up if I settle in these parts."

He bent down to examine the shelf that held most of Martin's Cornish books.

"That's quite a new fad of mine," Martin said.

Watson had dragged out a thick county history and was turning over the pages.

Madge suddenly went across to the door.

"That's the telephone, I think," she exclaimed. "I'll go." A few moments later she called from downstairs, "Martin, some one wants you."

He made a conventional apology to Watson, and went out of the room. Half way down the stairs he met his sister. She raised a finger of warning.

"I wanted to leave him alone," she whispered. "Come up in a couple of minutes."

She passed on silently. The door of the study when she reached it, was partly open. Through the crack, Madge could just see the urbane Mr. Watson crouching down and eagerly scanning the titles of the books. Every few seconds he cast a furtive glance over his shoulder; then, suddenly alarmed by something, he rose quickly and walked across to the window.

Madge coughed, and entered. "So sorry to run away like this," she apologised.

Soon Mr. Watson reverted to the ostensible reason for his call. For half an hour they discussed old prints; then Watson left.

"Madge, what's that fellow up to?" asked Martin.

"I don't know. Something to do with books. He was clumsy—and careless. I caught him."

"What the devil can he want? Of course he'd know what I've been buying from his firm, I

suppose. But what brings him here?"

"Something important. You can bet on that. And I expect we shall find him coming to tea soon enough. That's when we'll find out. But one thing is pretty certain, my dear: Messrs. Bealing and Watson know that we know something."

"HAVEN'T you heard the news?"

"News?"

Madge came quickly into the room, evidently much distressed.

"Bealing," she said, "in a queer, staccato voice, 'he's been found drowned.'"

"Bealing drowned?" Martin stared at her.

Anstice started up from her seat, her face white.

"Where was he found?" she asked.

"Up the river—this river. Nickel found him," she answered.

"Nickel found him?" Martin whistled.

Madge said: "Martin—about Bealing's real name. Won't some one have to tell?"

He thought for a moment before replying, frowning and puffing at his pipe.

"I don't see that it's our affair," he answered at length. "It's Pyne's job, if anybody's. Personally, I hope he'll keep his mouth shut. It would only raise the dickens of a sensation—and it won't do that poor devil Bealing any good. I wonder how it happened."

It looked uncommonly like a case of suicide, he reflected.

(To be continued.)

WANGLING WORDS—317

1. Put a debt in PR and get some force.
2. In the following well-known song title both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Peho nadi lo lygro dan.**
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change **HENS** into **COOP** and then back again into **HENS**, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden instructor in: **My teeth, at any rate, ache rather badly.** (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 316

1. Magnesium.
2. All's Well That Ends Well.
3. LOSE, lone, line, fine, FIND, rind, rend, rent, rest, best, lost, LOSE.
4. Pan-the-r, Be-ar.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Must be a job feeding 'em these days, keeper, or do they forage for themselves?"

QUIZ for today

1. An opah is a musical instrument, precious stone, fish, bird, fruit, priest's vestment?
2. Who wrote (a) The Professor, (b) The Professor at the Breakfast Table?
3. What part of your anatomy is the clavicle?
4. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Winchester, Bath, Newcastle, Southampton, York, Birmingham, Bristol.
5. What famous painter was known as Admiral Booth?
6. The depth of water at the North Pole is 0, 9, 90, 900, 9,000 feet?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Trivial, Trivett, Trivalent, Trivalve, Tricycle, Triumvir.
8. Why is the lemon-sole so called?
9. What colour are ripe figs on the tree?
10. Is a tong half a pair of tongs—or what?
11. Why are black-beetles incorrectly named?
12. What is Stalin's real name?

Answers to Quiz in No. 370

1. Open carriage.
2. (a) Hugh de Selincourt, (b) Ian Hay.
3. Earthworm has no eyes and is blind; all the others can see.
4. Samuel Clemens.
5. Greenland.
6. 1½ gallons.
7. Mnemonic, Nemoral.
8. Wheatstone, 1838.
9. Hiel the Bethelite.
10. 1872.
11. Toulon and Toulouse (sorry!).
12. Beryllium.

JANE

Jane and Dinah are meeting Bert Dogsbody at the "Bombers Arms"



"...I DON'T THINK I OUGHT TO GO WITH YOU REELY, JANE!—I SHOULD ON'Y PLAY GOOSEBERRY—IT'S YOU HE WANTS!"



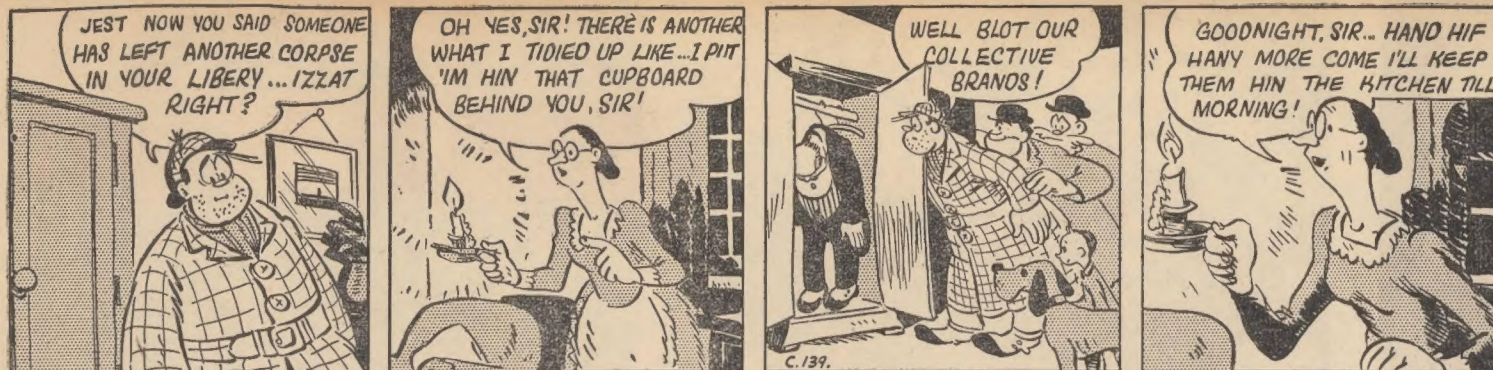
"NONSENSE, DEAR!—YOU'RE THE CREAM IN HIS COFFEE—BUT HE ASKED US BOTH BECAUSE HE'S TOO SHY TO SAY SO!"



"THERE'S JUST TIME TO TURN YOU INTO A GLAMOUR GIRL BEFORE WE MEET BERT!—ARE THESE GLASSES REALLY NECESSARY?"



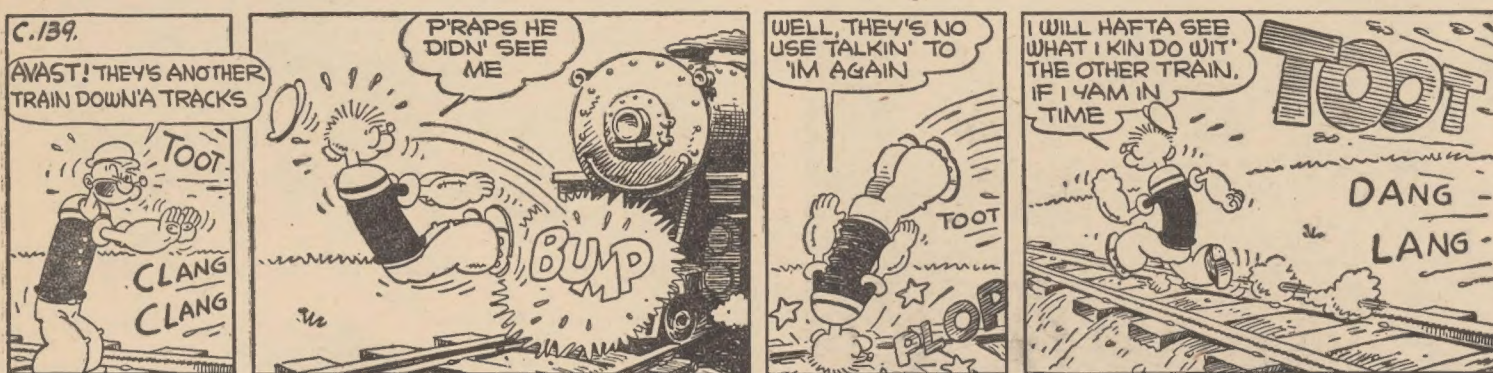
BEELZEBUB JONES



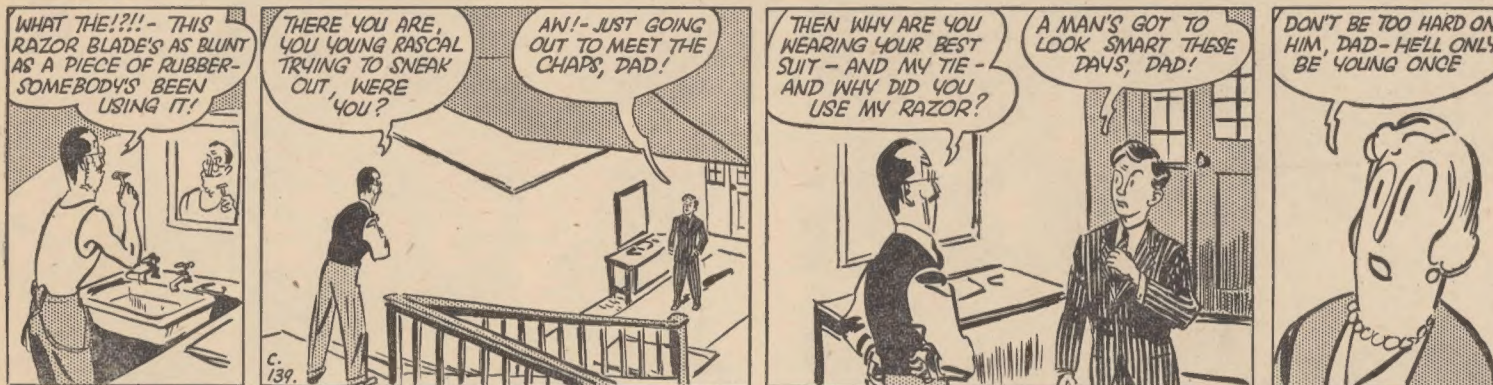
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

WITH the other people in Bath the other Saturday I went to Twerton for the cup-tie 'twixt the local team and Aston Villa.

This was the biggest day in the annals of Bath sport since Caesar's chariot races. The B.B.C. commented from the ground for the first time, and the largest crowd on record clicked the turnstiles.

There were six goals, equally shared, which gave the visitors semi-final rights. (Villa beat Bath by an odd goal the previous week and the draw gave them the aggregate.)

It was a thrilling game, and won, by star-studded Villa's coolness and lost by the City's jitters. The first quarter-revolution of the minute hand of the clock saw the home net twice hit—and the game won.

Sixteen thousand spectators, surprised by the lightning goals netted by Parkes, deputising for O'Donnell, and Iverson, had hardly regained their composure when, twenty-six minutes after the start, the City scored.

This was a great encouragement, and Bath City fought back. McCulloch made the opening for the next goal about ten minutes from the interval; this typical piece of first-class artistry on his part resulted in Johnson making the score 2-2.

Villa had two goals disallowed for offside, but twenty minutes from the resumption Stirling headed a perfect goal.

With ten minutes left, tempo revved up and Gregory made the score equal. But the City couldn't get the fourth to erase the deficit—so Villa, on the shoulders of Bath City, moved on.

Outcome of this, the home team feels, will be election to Third Division South post-war.



THIS is what I like to see:

A Bedfordshire village of 1,440 people is to pay its own war gratuity to all who left it to join the Forces. Gamlingay, set in the heart of a market gardening district, has provisionally fixed this gratuity at £40 a man, but the amount may be more or less, according to length of service.

Only a few women of the village are with the Forces, but they, too, will receive Gamlingay's own war gratuity subscribed by the people.

The village claims that no other village in Britain is doing more for its serving men than is planned for their 140 men at present with the colours.

So far they have collected a total of £1,700, the bulk of it within the past two years.

The village, in addition, is sending 10s. a quarter pocket-money to all its serving men stationed at home, and those overseas will find on their return that this amount has been credited to them.

General Montgomery has written to the fund's organisers, thanking them for the village's "magnificent work."



I'VE heard some incredulous stories of submarine antics this last four years, but the biscuit goes to a surface skipper (retired). Captain Bill Storm is the man. He's in retirement at Robin Hood's Bay, his Yorkshire birthplace.

The Captain is ninety now, but he remembers this nightmare of '99. He was master of the stout steamer "Roma" then. She was a spanking vessel of 4,000 tons; and the Captain was hove-off Galveston. The weather was plenty bad, and everybody had an idea that something was going to happen mighty quick.

Cap'n Storm went below for something or other. While he was down there a tidal wave struck the "Roma" and carried her inland. Going on deck again, he found himself high and dry in a field, surrounded by a crowd of gaping Texans.

The wave had carried the ship eight miles inland, over three railway bridges.

However, the old "Roma" couldn't stop there, way out on the prairie, so the locals had to cut a channel to get her down to the sea again. And if you think this story is just a wee bit too tall for you, drop in at Lynnfield, Robin Hood's Bay, the next time you are around. Cap'n William will be only too pleased to re-tell the story to you. And you won't be bored.



"UNRELIABLE reports state that when a stork was observed circling over 'Pompey' recently, three cases of heart failure occurred in the Wrennery."

Ron Richards

**Good
Morning**



"Bringing me feet into close action, I soon gets me dose of Nelson's Blood-Orange Juice to you."



"And tha's the way we does our Black Bottom home in Jamaikey—yeah, ma'am."



The reel—double Scotch—unbottled. Fine fun, fine for the figure.

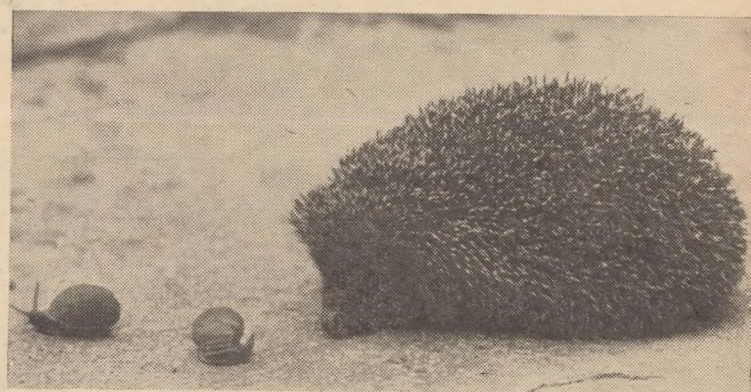


This England!

A cooler by the way. Near Alsop-en-le-Dale.



Flop guards the pennies whilst master has another cooler—and we don't mean the clink.



"Hop it boys—we're up against a hedgehog position."



Huia ("Bluebird") Cooper does an odd spot of sunbathing in her odd-spot costume. Coming from N. Z. Huia's used to sunshine, it seems.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Spots before me eyes, now."

